

VOL. LXIX. No. 1794.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, July 19th, 1911.
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PRICE TEN CENTS.

PUCK



SOME CLASS TO THIS RAIL-SPLITTER.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.,
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1794. WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1911.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

TAFT AND INSURGENCY.

[T SEEMS to be the general opinion that President TAFT has "come back." A little less than two years ago, or just after the passage of the PAYNE-ALDRICH law, the President was not the most popular man in the United States. He appeared to be trying to convince himself, and not only himself but everybody else, that black was white; that the PAYNE-ALDRICH tariff bill was a splendid

measure for the consumer. In this position he was opposed very vigorously by the Senate Insurgents, who claimed that it was not a measure for the consumer at all, and moreover the Insurgents were exceedingly impressive in their advocacy of the consumer's cause. Since then the very practical, plain-as-a-pikestaff issue of Canadian Reciprocity has come up. It has been a case of fish or cut bait. President TAFT has appeared in the rôle of champion of the consumer, and naturally, bearing in mind their spread-eagle consumer

sentiment of two years ago, one would suppose that the Republican Insurgents to a man would have been on the President's side, shoulder to shoulder with him. But it has not been conspicuously so, alas. The Insurgents did n't seem to insurge very lively when the beneficiaries of a tariff measure were not the people of any one limited section, but the people of the whole United States. President TAFT, in acting for the latter, showed the Senate something brand-new in American politics. At this writing, Insurgents would be a more fitting term for some folks we have in mind.



GOING TO JERUSALEM.

SAMMY.—Boo-hoo-hoo! He trips me every time, just as I am going to sit down!



HOW IT SHOULD BE.

THIS is what the morning paper said about it: "Married, last evening, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Soandso of Suchand-sucha Street, their only daughter, Miss Blanche Soandso, to Herbert Fifteenper, the Rev. S. L. Shouter officiating." (There was quite a little more, consisting chiefly of "popular young people," charming and gifted young woman," "well-known young business man," "short wedding-journey," "will reside at Somany Some Street," "host of friends," "long and happy married life," and so forth.

Which is all right so far as it goes, only there is not enough data furnished with which to identify the persons implicated. When two young people get married, everyone else naturally wants to know exactly who it was that got married. In a small place, where everybody knows everybody, or in a big city, where nobody knows anybody and it does n't make any difference any way, a notice like the above covers the thing completely enough. But in a medium-sized town, where you know a majority of the people by sight but comparatively few by name, such a write-up is simply an aggravation. There are so many "charming and gifted young women" and "well-known young

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

business men" (according to the paper), that it is difficult to pick out the particular ones referred to.

There ought to be added something like this: "The bride is that little, fat, dark-eyed girl who works in Sweet's Candy Kitchen, and who is

always arranging her front hair at the mirror back of the soda fountain. The groom is a clerk in Coat & Vest's Clothing Store—the tall young fellow with the cream-colored hair and ears like palm-leaf fans, and with a fondness for bright-colored waistcoats and vociferous socks." Or, "Miss Soandso, referred to above, is that overpowering blonde at the notion counter of Yardwide & Fastcolor's Department Store—the one who kindly condescends to attend to your wants after she has finished her conversation with the young woman at the next counter. She is the one who wore that long, light-blue coat last winter. Mr. Fifteenper works in Roof & Eaves's Hardware Shop, and is always standing out in front, smiling at all the girls or calling across the street to ask what the score is."

Such a write-up would meet a general demand, and the attention of the press is respectfully called to the matter. *Walter G. Doty.*



CUTTING.

THE THIN ONE.—And do you really roll around the floor once a day for the sake of losing a few pounds? Wonder what would happen if I tried it?

THE FAT ONE.—O, you'd just cut the carpet!

AN OLD STORY.

SEE the man! And the woman! The man needs to mend his ways and for that has the woman married him.

Precisely.

Will her sacrifice avail anything?

O, no—not a blessed thing!

What, then, does it all signify?

Merely that mending is woman's work.

When a city man buys an abandoned farm it takes him just about one day to find out why it was abandoned.

THE DIREFUL TALE OF HORROR.

It's sure a dreadful story," the Captain said to me,
The story of the skipper of the *Lady Barnaby*.
"A most horrific story to pass a feller's lips,
With its supernatural sperits an' its blood that drips an' drips.



"It's ghostly an' it's ghastly an' it's full of ghouls
an' greed,
There ain't no worsen story you kin hear
about er read.

"It'll make yer spine to shiver, it'll make
your blood run cold,
It'll make you scared to whisper when ye
hear this story told;

"An' yer hair will rise up endwise an'
remain in such a state,
An' you'll be a-seein' visions in the dark-
ness when it's late.

"When you go to bed you'll tremble in a
sort of deadly fear

An' ye won't be sleepin' decent fer as long as half a year.

"You'll be wakin' up an' shriekin' at the nightmares that you see
When you've heard about the skipper an' the *Lady Barnaby*.

"There is some who heard the story that went mad from sudden fright,
There is some that's nervous ruins, there is some whose hair is white,

"An' the special timid people that has heard it told er read,
Some had terrible convulsions, an' a few of them is dead.

"It is crammed with murk an' murder, red as blood an' black as hell;
It is slimy, cold, an' clammy, an' a fearful thing to tell."

"Yes," I said, "but I can stand it. Go ahead and tell the tale,
For my nerves are very steady, and my health is very hale."

But the Captain rose and left me, saying, as he moved away:
"I won't tell no such a story on this bright an' sunny day.

"First, because it's much too awful, it would make yer flesh to crawl;
Second—well, I never happened for to hear the tale at all.

"But they say it's something dreadful, horrible as it kin be,
The story of the skipper of the *Lady Barnaby*."

Mark Kronen.

NEWS VALUE.

The value of a bit of news depends entirely upon location. Mills Corners news is not important to Chicago, and Chicago news is not important to Mills Corners. It is important to Mills Corners to know that Jed Hawkins



HIS ARDOR.

MISS GLADYS GUGGLES (*cooly*).—Does yo' rully love me, Cla'ence?
CLARENCE SNUCKLES (*passionately*).—Love yo'? Why, I analyzes yo' so
dat I'd radder heah yo' chew gum dan to listen to a minstrel band! Dat's
how I loves yo'!



NEIGHBORLY INFERENCE.

STRANGER (*to Mrs. Rooney*).—What beautiful children you have, ma'am!
MRS. HOGAN (*from the floor above*).—Phat's thot slob sellin', Mrs. Rooney?

has bought a new hat. Excitement in the town will be at fever heat until it is known whether it is Arabella Simkins or Sarah Means.

That Zed Driscoll has put up a new fence is thrilling, because no one thought Zed had enough crop to be worth fencing; and besides, there is a hope that the building of the fence will involve Zed in a fight with Jim Billings, or perhaps a lawsuit, or both.

That Mame Simpkins has a visitor is important, for the whole town will be more or less affected, according to circumstances. Of course, the ladies will hope that the visitor will turn out to be older and homelier than themselves, and the young men will hope that she will turn out to be young and pretty. In direct proportion to her youth and prettiness she will affect the town economically, socially, and ethically.

If she goes to church, the attendance will increase during her visit; if she stays away the attendance will be smaller. Economically, the presence of the visitor will affect the candy-store and ice-cream parlor as well as the hat, shoe, and collar store and the photo gallery. If the girl be young and pretty, and also a sophisticated girl from "the city," it is certain that her stay will be momentous.

That Hiram Scraggs went to Breunerstown last week is an item worthy of a scare-head, especially in the eyes of the Hobbs family, where there are six unmarried girls, one of whom has been keeping company with Hiram.

That Sadie Budkins is going to have a party is very important to those who have been trying to collect various little bills from the *paterfamilias*, as well as to those who know they *will* be invited and those who know they *will not* be invited. Those who have not been invited know that they will be crowded over by those who have been, and those who are invited know that they will be talked about, and perhaps assassinated, by those who are not. Of course, there will be steps taken toward forming a retaliatory party.

That Ralph Dickenson is putting up an addition to his house gives rise to the universal opinion that he must have robbed somebody lately.

Hamilton Pope Galt.

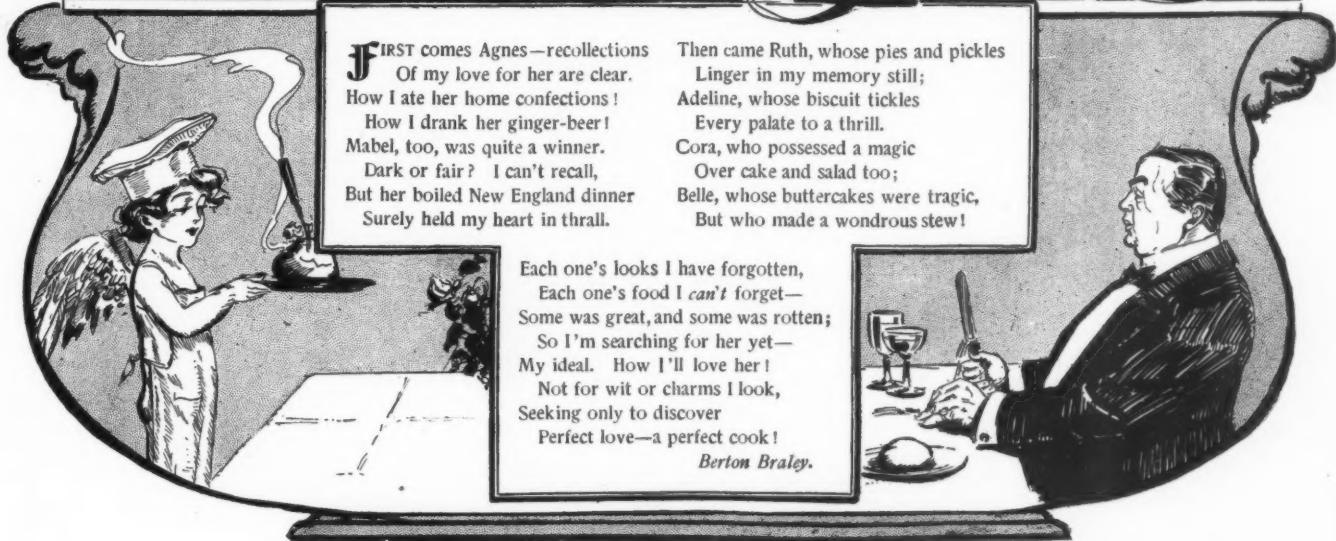


FIRST comes Agnes—recollections
Of my love for her are clear.
How I ate her home confections!
How I drank her ginger-beer!
Mabel, too, was quite a winner.
Dark or fair? I can't recall,
But her boiled New England dinner
Surely held my heart in thrall.

Then came Ruth, whose pies and pickles
Linger in my memory still;
Adeline, whose biscuit tickles
Every palate to a thrill.
Cora, who possessed a magic
Over cake and salad too;
Belle, whose buttercakes were tragic,
But who made a wondrous stew!

Each one's looks I have forgotten,
Each one's food I can't forget—
Some was great, and some was rotten;
So I'm searching for her yet—
My ideal. How I'll love her!
Not for wit or charms I look,
Seeking only to discover
Perfect love—a perfect cook!

Berton Braley.



LIGHT LITERATURE.

It was the hour of dawn. The night was ending, and the day was just beginning.

Harold Hammerhead stood on the dew-wet grass of the lawn and waited impatiently. A robin chirped ceaselessly, but sleepily, somewhere in the silver distance, and a sparrow lifted its little round head with its two bright eyes out of the down-spout at the corner of the porch-roof and regarded the young man inquiringly. A rooster crowed, another and another took up the clarion salute, but Harold Hammerhead still waited. Waited for what? We shall see.

A window opened softly in the still shadow of the porch, and a radiant figure moved over to the steps and came down and out under the trees with a stately tread. Her hair was of the bright, black color of the raven's wing, her large, expressive eyes were deep, dark pools wherein the shadows played splendidly, her features were classic, and her form was such as might have graced Olympus. Her hands toyed with a small chain-purse as she moved

steadily, silently, toward the manly figure stationed under the trees. But she was not to reach him unobserved. A dry twig cracked sharply, and the man faced about suddenly.

"Beloved!" he panted.

She swayed into his outspread arms and there was silence—a sweet, satisfying silence not to be described to those who have never known it. The sun came up over the hill to the east, there was a rattling, clattering noise somewhere at the rear of the mansion, smoke rose from one of the chimneys and spiraled slowly upward in the morning air; but the two under the trees still stood lost to everything except the wonderful realization of their love.

Kathryn de Smythe had known a loveless girlhood, but now she was repaid—more than repaid—for the dreary past. The two bodies swayed rhythmically under the trees; but her soul and the soul of Harold were away in the infinite spaces beyond the eternal stars. Her face was hidden on his bosom; but his face, turned to the rising sun, wore a look of inexpressible glorification. It was the ecstasy of Love's young dream.

But, alas, it was not to endure!

The window opened once again, if anything more softly than before, and a short, stocky figure came out. The soft pad, pad of his footsteps sounded on the porch as he came swiftly toward the steps; then they were lost as he stepped hastily down and out across the lawn. He picked up the chain-purse unnoticed and made a hurried examination of its contents, enumerating them under his breath: "Her fountain-pen—a telegraph blank—twenty-five cents——" He paused a moment and pondered wisely. "Ah, I see—that's for the messenger! This means, this means,"—his face paled and he squared his shoulders—"this means an elopement. My daughter! O, my daughter!"

He reeled dizzily, and as he turned he caught sight of the two figures still lost in their dream.

"Ha!" he ejaculated.

Harold faced about as the lion turns to protect his own. Then his face took on a look of unutterable horror, and he screamed harshly. He unclasped Kathryn's arms from about his person and staggered away into the morning. The gate clanged behind him, and the woman fell sobbing on the sward.

Hours later Harold Hammerhead stood alone on a far hill and sobbed to himself, again and again: "*Mauve pajamas! Mauve pajamas!* I never could endure to live in the same house with them!"

Then he went slowly, hopelessly, down the hill toward the station. But poor Kathryn never knew.

Chas. C. Jones

WHAT makes some good people so irritating is the infinite capacity they evince for enjoying themselves.

A man has to have a good bit of money before he can show conclusively that he does n't care a hoot for the stuff.



IT HAS always been our policy to bestow praise on whom and when it is due, and not wait until we can show our appreciation by strewing flowers on the subject's bier, and we accordingly do so with great pleasure in the case of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, the Hon. John B. Stonecipher, in reference to his recent heroic struggle in the legislature against the foes of the Initiative and Referendum, during which he declared it his unalterable purpose to tear to shreds and tatters the subterranean methods of the gang which has so long ridden the high horse ruthlessly over the very life-blood of the Common People, mercilessly compelling us to grind for them the axe which they are only too ready to bury in the perspiring brow of honest toil, and then with raucous laughter steal like grim hyenas on to other victims, leaving us living from hand to mouth like the birds of the air. The Initiative, the Hon. explained, will enable the voter, be he ever so humble, to ask in no uncertain tones for what he wants, and the Referendum will clearly reveal why and wherefore he does not get it.

Such were, in substance, although, we regret to say, not literally, a portion of the words of the Hon. John B. Just as we were perusing the printed speech which he had so kindly mailed us, with intent to write a glowing editorial thereon, Hack Peddicord, from out at Rocky Comfort, entered our sanctum with welcome tread and a jug of most excellent hard cider. And after Hack and ye scribe had finished a pleasant two-hours' chat and the cider, we were unable to recollect where we had pigeon-

holed the speech for safe-keeping, and so were compelled to quote from our memory.

Hack says there is not much news out his way, but opines that there will be some at an early date if a certain one-eyed party, whose name he does not care to mention at this time, does not cease to make calumnious utterances against him. Hack is a sterling patriot and his cider is piquant.

Tom P. Morgan.

FLAME.

HE was the only flame she had left. Men were, moreover, scarce.

Accordingly, when he proposed spreading his cloak in the roadway in order that she might pass dry shod, she regarded him with genuine anxiety.

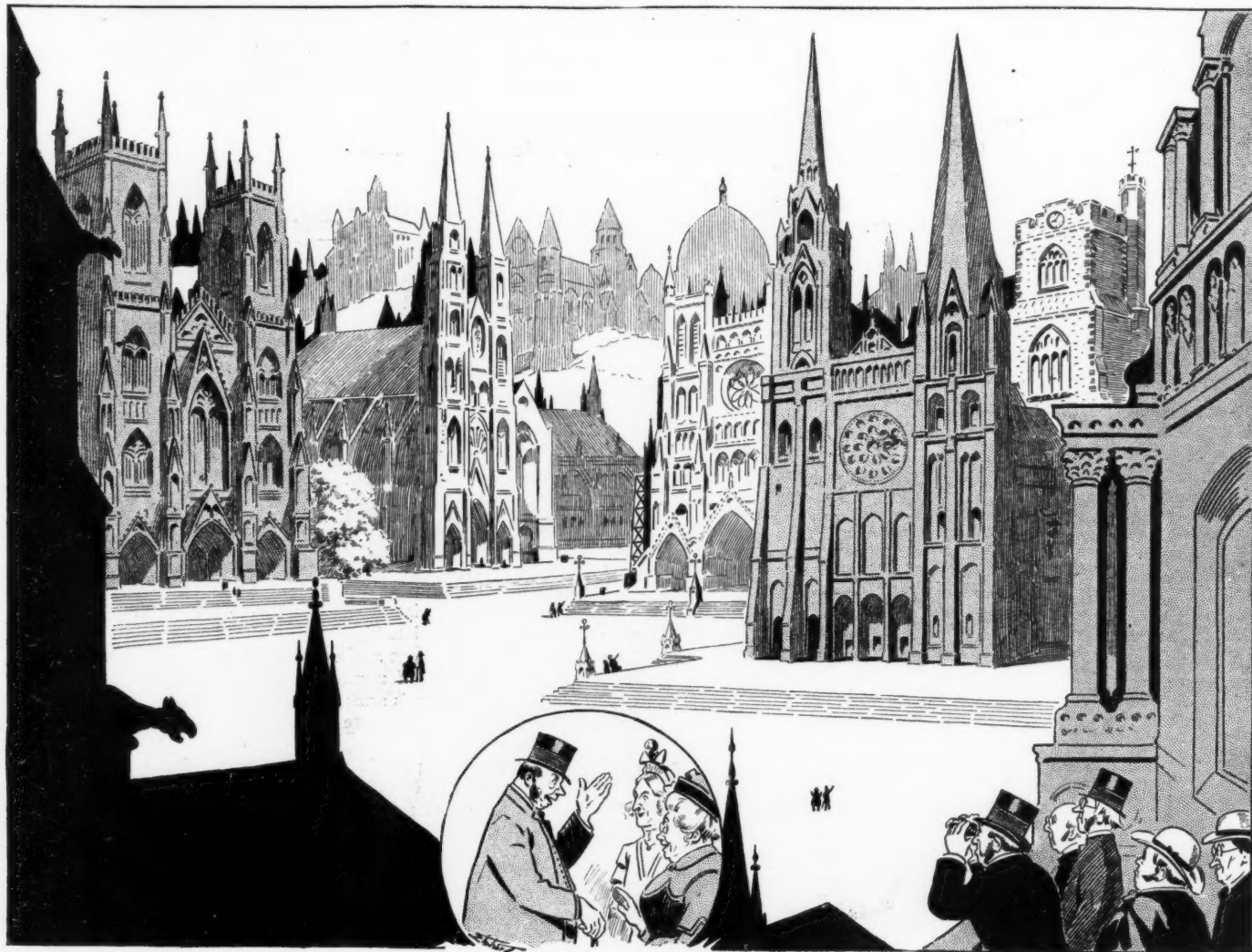
"Pray do not put yourself out!" she implored.

For in sooth, should he by excess of sacrifice become as it were totally extinguished, the outlook were indeed gloomy for him and for their mutual future.



THE DEAD CENTER.

"Lend me a dollar, old chap; I get paid to-morrow."
"Have n't got it, old scout; I got paid yesterday."



EUROPE:

AS THE PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED DOMINIES DESCRIBED IT.



CARRYING THINGS TO EXTREMES.



THE ONLY CAR TO BUY.

WHILE AGO I was interested in a deal that promised to turn out profitably, and in anticipation of its success I began to look over the different makes of automobiles with a view to buying one if all went well. I have always found it a good plan to spend your money, at least in imagination, before you get it. In this way you obtain a lot of enjoyment that would never come to you if you waited for the money actually to materialize. Before I began to look into the matter, all automobiles looked pretty much alike to me. I knew there was a difference in size, anyway, between a touring-car and a runabout, but I supposed the various makes differed mostly in name. They go past you so rapidly it is hard to see any real difference in them. I have been run over by Taxwells, Geeos, and Smellmobiles, and as nearly as I could tell one weighed about as much and was designed to kill you just about as fatally as another.

But when I got fairly into the merits of the case I saw there were a great many differences. The agents were very particular in pointing them out. I soon discovered that each particular make was the best one in the business, and the only one I would not be sorry I had bought. For instance, one kind was water-cooled, the only proper method; while another was cooled by air which, as anyone can see, is the rational way of doing it. The fact that I have not yet found out what was cooled has, I feel, nothing to do with the matter. Then, again, one car would have doors at the sides to keep the dust off your ankles, while another would have no doors, because they serve no useful purpose whatever and are only in the way.

The Deathdealer had the engine under the body of the car where it ought to be, and the Bloodydemon wore it in front, the proper position. The Sunovagun had high wheels to reduce vibration and friction and to give smoother traction, and the Howcanyouaffordit traveled on small wheels that could be more cheaply tired, would run more smoothly, and were more sensible, anyway. The Roaringdoom was driven by a belt and used less gasoline, sir, than any other car made; and gasoline counts up pretty fast. But a belt-driven car is no good, Mister. What you want is one propelled by beveled gears like the Speedyfate; gasoline is only an item; the thing to figure on is mileage. The Honkhonk had the steering-wheel on the left side, as that is the side next to a passing vehicle; and the Screamer had it on the right side where you naturally sit.

I learned that when you buy a car you can't put too much money into it, because the more you pay in the first place the less you have to lay out in repairs; but it is n't good policy to pay too much for a car, as the best of them soon get ramshackle and out of date, and anyone might better buy cheaper ones and buy oftener. You ought to buy a good heavy car that will stand wear and tear, but a lightly-built one is the ideal kind because, if it is built right, as are ours, it will outwear two of those big, lumbering, clumsy ones that will kill any engine trying to pull them along. I found I needed a car with lots of seating capacity, so I could take my friends for a spin once in a while, and ought to get a small one, inasmuch as there would be more pleasure in running around by myself

or with one choice and appreciative companion than in taking the whole neighborhood along.

I think I investigated the subject pretty thoroughly and became acquainted with the fine points of all the leading makes. I dreamed of spark-plugs and clutches and steering-gears. I almost know what a carbureter is. Fortunately I was not called upon to make a choice, as the deal I was in fell through, and when the agents found it out they left me alone.

If I ever do buy a car I'll know a thing or two about them. The only trouble is that by the time I am again threatened with prosperity there will have been so many changes and improvements introduced I'll probably have to go over the whole subject again.

Walter G. Doty.

CHEERFUL GIVERS.

MRS. CANTWELL.—The junkman would not buy those things we sorted out. CANTWELL.—Then let us be charitable, my dear, and give them to the poor.



PAINFUL SUGGESTIONS.

HE sighed precisely like a furnace, and the beautiful girl was undeniably touched by the signal proof of his love.

"But is it wise?" queried she, in much anxiety.

"Wise!" he repeated, regarding her rather perplexedly.

"Yes—to sigh in such a manner as perhaps to put papa in mind of coal at ten dollars a ton!"

REPTILES.

THE rattlesnake, before he strikes, will warn; The speed-fiend hits you first, then blows his horn!

THE HERETIC.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Why, Willie, I'm surprised; what part of the Bible is it that you don't believe in?

WILLIE.—That part in the middle where they keep the family ages.

NEVER.

M. R. WILLIS.—But why don't you take your bank-book in to have it balanced?

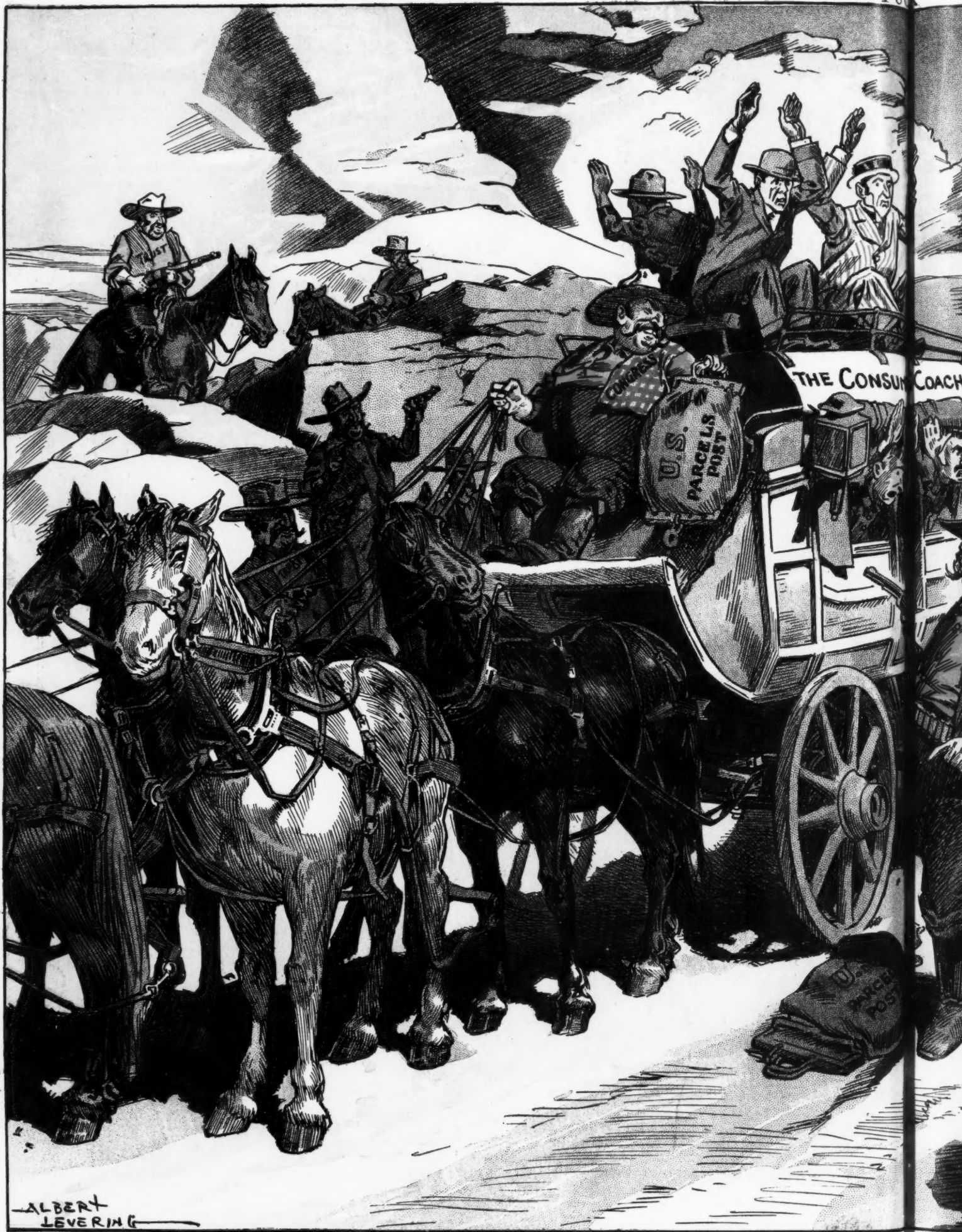
MRS. WILLIS.—I don't want that snoopy-looking cashier to know how much money I've got in there!



WHEN WE HAVE A PARCELS POST.

"Under separate cover, dearest pet, I send you ten million kisses. Ever thine, ORLANDO."

A clam is a clam, but he never mortgages his shell to get money to buy an automobile.



ALBERT
LEVERING

THE PUCK PRESS

THE HOPE.

What Else Do You Expect When the Drink League

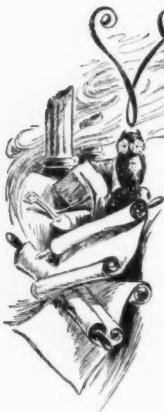


THE HOP.
 on the Drive League with the Highwaymen?

LINES

WRITTEN BY A CONVICT, ONCE A PROMINENT
FINANCIER OF NEW YORK CITY.

(Edited by Ellis Parker Butler.)



WHY do these tears so sadly flow?
Is it because these feet
No more shall wander to and fro
On Eighty-Seventh Street?

No more on Sixteenth Street
may I
Hear sounds that I have heard,
No more observe the taxis fly
Down Tenth, or Seventy-Third!

One Hundredth Street knows me no
more,
My city days are through,
Nineteenth Street's loss I must deplore,
And Sixth, and Ninety-Two.

One Hundred and Forty-Seventh Street
Is one I miss the worst.
But still I feel my fond heart beat
For Two Hundred and Seventy-First.

Alas! There's little left to me
But memories fond and dear;
O, Streets! I am still true to thee,
Although no longer near!

So, day by day, with pen in hand,
I drain my bitter cup,
I write your numbers in rows, and
Proceed to add them up.

It is not much! Would it were more!
O Tenth, O Twelfth Street, sweet!
O Seventy-Third! O Eighty-Four!
O Ninety-Seventh Street!

SOME men enjoy quite a long interval dur-
ing which they are old enough to know
better, but not old enough to let that circum-
stance make any difference.



HEAT AND COLD.

HE.—I could love you until the sun grows
cold—and you?
SHE.—I could love you until my husband
gets hot!



BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM.

STRANGER.—Officer, I'm—hic—an Elk, an Eagle, a Buffalo, and an Owl.
OFFICER.—I want you; I'm a Barnum, a Bailey, a Forepaugh, and a Sells.



WEEK BEGINNING JULY SEVENTEENTH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Place. Stock Company
in repertoire.
American Theatre Roof Garden, 42d St. W. of Bway.
Vaudeville. Twelve All-Star Acts. Evenings 8:15.
Brighton Beach Music Hall, Brighton Beach. All-Star Vaude-
ville. Daily, 2:45 and 8:30.
Century (formerly New Theatre) Roof Garden, 62d St. and
8th Av. Elliott Schenck's Orchestra in Summer-Night
"Pop" Concerts. Evenings 8:15.
Cohan's, Bway and 43d St. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford,"
with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the
confidence-man.
Colonial, Bway and 62d St. Lillian Russell and other star
acts. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.
Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15.
Evenings 8:15.
Folies Bergère, 46th St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville, Ballet,
Cabaret Show. "More Parisian than Paris." Ev'gs 8:15.
Globe, Bway and 46th St. Valeska Suratt in "The Red
Rose," a new musical comedy. Evenings 8:15.
Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Corse Payton's Stock
Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
Irving Place. Grand Italian Comic Opera Co. In repertoire.
Evenings 8:15.
Jardin de Paris, the New York Theatre Roof Garden.
"Ziegfield Follies of 1911."
Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. All-Star
Vaudeville. Daily Matinees Evenings 8:15.
New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady,"
Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy de luxe founded
on "La Satyre."
New Brighton Theatre, Brighton Beach. All-Star Vaude-
ville. Evenings 8:15. Daily matinees.
Victoria Theatre and Roof Garden, 42d St. and Bway.
Hammerstein's All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees.
Evenings 8:15.

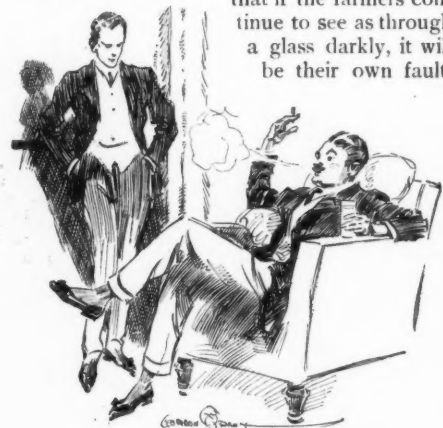
ART TO THE RESCUE.

SEE the dancer! Is the dancer gifted with
imagination, ankles, and artistic insight
such that she is able, by recourse to the poetry
of motion, to interpret the esoteric significance
of things, even the subtler nuances thereof?

The dancer is gifted about that way.

What, then, being touched with zeal for
patriotic service, is she going to do?

She is going to book a tour of the provinces
at popular prices, and her notion is to dance
Schedule K of the tariff with so much clarity
that if the farmers con-
tinue to see as through
a glass darkly, it will
be their own fault.



AN UP-TO-DATE GIRL.

"I asked her to marry me, and she gave
me a Supreme-Court answer."
"What kind of an answer is that?"
"Said she would give me six months to
readjust myself so as to be acceptable."

Where a man is the whole cheese he is apt to be nothing but cheese, and cheese
so easily gets to be monotonous.

A CASE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.



PEOPLE who have plenty of money are very much like ordinary people. The only difference lies in certain finer distinctions.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Dorp had tried everything else in the world but a quiet mountain resort. They left their yacht on the coast and arrived at the hotel at nightfall. Mr. Van Dorp's man had gone ahead to get the best there was in the way of accommodations. In the middle of the night Mrs. Van Dorp woke up.

"Call my husband," she said to the maid. In a few minutes Van Dorp came in—in his night-robe.

"My dear," said Mrs. Van Dorp, "I wish I had a Bartlett pear."

"Did you ring for one?"

"I did, and they said they did n't have it."

"I am afraid that you will have to do without it."

Mrs. Van Dorp pouted. She was in no condition to be thwarted.

"I simply must have a Bartlett pear!" she exclaimed. "I shall die if I don't have one."

Van Dorp rang for the night-clerk. That individual came up in five minutes. Van Dorp explained the matter.

"Is there no place around here," he asked, "where there are Bartlett pears?"

"No sir. They are out of season."

Van Dorp explained the matter to his wife. The more he explained, the more restless she became.

"I shall die if I don't have one!" she cried.

Toward morning her condition rapidly grew worse. At seven o'clock all the people in the house knew that something had to be done about it.

By eight o'clock the telephone began to work. Van Dorp telephoned to every centre he could think of for Bartlett pears. No results. At nine his man was dispatched to the city. At ten Mrs. Van Dorp was hysterical. At eleven it seemed hopeless. At twelve Van Dorp got a second connection with Baiter's on Broadway. They had promised to look the matter up if he would telephone again.

Baiter's had been busy. They had located a case of Bartlett pears on an incoming train from California.

Could they send a messenger? They could. The train left at one. It would take five hours. That would mean six o'clock. Would Mrs. Van Dorp be alive then?

The matter was explained to her. The messenger was on his way. By this time the lady was in a high fever. She thought of nothing, spoke of nothing, but Bartlett pears.

"O why," she murmured to her despairing husband, "did you take me to a place where the ordinary comforts of life are denied to one? Let us get away from here at the earliest possible moment. Six o'clock! It is horrible!"

The train was ten minutes late. But at six-thirty-one Mrs. Van Dorp's maid could be seen hurrying upstairs with a silver dish full of Bartlett pears.

At seven, when it was time to dress for dinner, Van Dorp went into his wife's apartment. He felt pretty good. There was some delay, of course, but he had got what she wanted.

"Well, dear," he asked, "how was the pear?" Mrs. Van Dorp smiled. She was now fully recovered.


"Do you know," she said, "that when those pears came, I found, much to my surprise, that I did n't want them. But I was so afraid that you would be disappointed, and so, just to please you, I have eaten one."

Chesterton Todd.



A CLAW IN RESERVE.

CULTURED KITTY.—I know a fork is the only proper thing to eat fish with, but, by Jings! if I don't land one in another minute, back to nature for me!



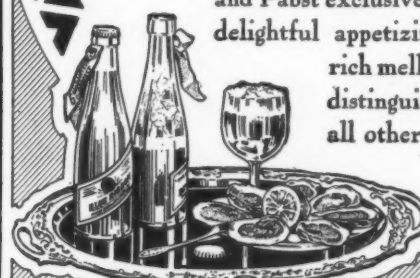
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should be tempting in appearance, give keen zest to the food and aid digestion.

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"That fellow is a source of great uneasiness to me. He may be worthy, but I wish he would keep away from my house."

"Courting your daughter, is he?"

"Naw; he's courting my cook."—*Courier-Journal.*

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SHE.—I do not care to marry you. I do not care to even talk to you.

HE (a widower).—That is precisely the reason I want you to marry me.—*New York Herald.*

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HOME GROWN.

"Do you know why all the artists have such long hair?"
"Why, of course; so they can have some brushes."

—Le Rive.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ALL DOING THE SAME.

"What is he so angry at you for?"
"I haven't the slightest idea. We met on the street and we were talking just as friendly as could be when all of a sudden he flared up and tried to lick me."

"And what were you talking about?"

"O, just ordinary small talk. I remember he said 'I always kiss my wife three or four times every day.'"

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'I know at least a dozen men who do the same,' and then he had a fit."—*Houston Post*.

A PRECURSOR.

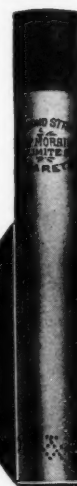
Jael had just driven the nail into Sisera's head.

"Forerunner of the hatpin," she remarked.

Herewith she congratulated herself on setting the style.—*The Sun*.

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THE HINT.

The young man had talked for ten or fifteen minutes without a break, when the girl at the other end of the wire interrupted.

"Just a moment, Guy!" she said.

"What is it, Fleda?"

"I want to change the receiver to the other ear. This one's tired."—*Chicago Tribune*.

WAITING FOR THE CHANCE.

MARKS.—My old aunt had not been dead twenty-four hours when her parrot died, too.

PARKS.—The poor bird died of grief, I suppose.

MARKS.—No. Poison.—*Boston Transcript*.

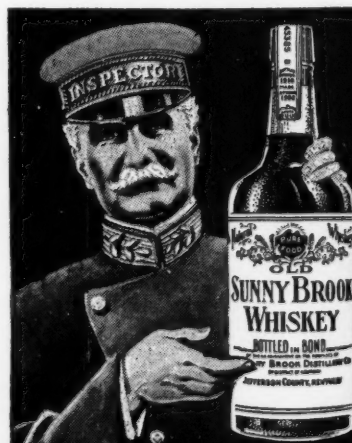
EVERYONE knew Jonathan Skinflint as a millionaire, with the exception, so it appeared, of Skinflint himself. He invariably wore the shabbiest of clothes, and is reported to have dined one day on a couple of peas and a grape skin.

One day an old friend endeavored to persuade the miser to dress better. "I am surprised," he said, "that you should let yourself become so shabby."

"But I am not shabby," expostulated Skinflint.

"O yes, you are," replied the friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elegantly dressed. His clothes were very handsome."

Skinflint gave utterance to a hearty laugh. "Why," he shouted triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on were father's!"—*Ideas*.



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RUBBING IT IN.

THE DEPARTING GUEST. — Look here, you know. This is a bit thin. You charge for writing-paper, and I haven't used a bally scrap all the time I've been here.

THE PROPRIETOR. — Ah, pardon, m'sieu. It is for the paper on which your bill is made out!—*London Opinion.*

A KIND-HEARTED WIFE.

"Flies carry filth on their feet, thus spreading disease."

"My wife read that. Now she picks the poor little flies carefully off the fly-paper, and washes their feet with violet water."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

STUDE.—May I borrow your gray tie? His ROOMMATE.—Sure. But why all this formality of asking permission?

STUDE.—I can't find it.—*Cornell Widow.*

Club Cocktails



The Club brand represents the same high standard in Cocktails as the Hall mark in England and the Sterling in America do in silver.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.
Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.
At all good dealers.

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A PLEASANT RENDEZVOUS.

"Excuse me, but are you the gentleman who is waiting for Miss Eulalie Müller?"

"Yes, I am."

"Would you please have just a little more patience, then? As soon as the rain lets up, the lady says, she will come."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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A HIGH BALL HUNTER WHISKEY

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Is a Delightful, Cool Refreshment
UNIQUE IN FLAVOR

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



IRRELEVANT.

An associate-justice of the Supreme Court of Patagascar was sitting by a river.

"I wish to cross," said a traveler. "Would it be lawful to use this boat?"

"It would," was the reply; "it is my boat."

The traveler thanked him, and rowed away, but the boat sank and he was drowned.

"Heartless man!" said an indignant spectator. "Why did you not tell him that your boat had a hole in it?"

"The matter of the boat's condition," said the great jurist, "was not brought before me."—*Success.*

"Has Dingbas any occupation?" inquired Ruggles.

"Yes," said Shadbolt. "He's a solicitor."

"Solicitor? For what?"

"Small and unsecured loans."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"ONE thing about Jinx: He never comes into an office without knocking."

"Another thing about Jinx is that he never goes anywhere without knocking."—*Houston Post.*

THE MAN.—Look here, once and for all! Are you and I going to get married?

THE WOMAN.—I'm going to. I don't care what you do.—*Toledo Blade.*



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IF ANY trust can find a knothole in the Sherman law, the lumber trust should be able to.—*Boston Journal.*

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PUCK



LAST WINTER.

HER gown was cut so low
It left her shoulders bare,
And let him see who would —
Ah, well, she did not care.

Her skirts were made so long
They trailed upon the ground,
And if her ankle chanced
To show, she blushed and frowned.

THIS SUMMER.

Her bathing suit is built
Her shoulders fair to screen,
She'd cry with shame if they
Should happen to be seen.

But O, her skirt! 'Tis trimmed
So short that we can see
What once she coyly hid —
Her ankle—and her knee.— T. L. H.



Ross

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In a neat metal can
10 cents

At your dealer's, or if he is sold out, send us the 10c. We'll send you a can to any address in the U.S.A.



AFTER reading one of Henry James's latest stories for a while, what a relief it is to turn to the lucid simplicity of "The Critique of Pure Reason," by Immanuel Kant. — *Boston Globe*.

"It took that racing automobile twenty minutes to pass this house," "Impossible." "Fact. I could hear it ten minutes before it got here, and I could smell it ten minutes after it passed." — *Toledo Blade*.

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"Glorious! All the men had to walk home!" — *Meggen-dorfer Blätter*.

"My husband is just awful when he wants to find anything. You never saw a man throw clothes around the way he does."

"Where did he learn to be so untidy?"

"Why, he was in the New York custom-house for four years." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

SINGING-TEACHER.—Now, children, give us "Little Drops of Water," and put some spirit in it.

PRINCIPAL (*whispering*).—Careful, sir. This is a temperance school. Say "put some ginger in it." — *Woman's Home Companion*.

HORSES in various parts of the country are dying of a strange "walking-disease." We now know how it happened we lost that \$4 at Pimlico. — *Washington Post*.

At every stage of an Outing a bottle of EVANS' ALE improves the going and furnishes the incentive to push on to greater things



Evans' Ale claims Happy Outing Days for its own. Order from nearest dealer. C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



SHE. — But, George, you could never support two.
HE.—Well, I'm only looking for one. — *Newark Star*.

Caroni Bitters—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin, Sherry, and Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

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